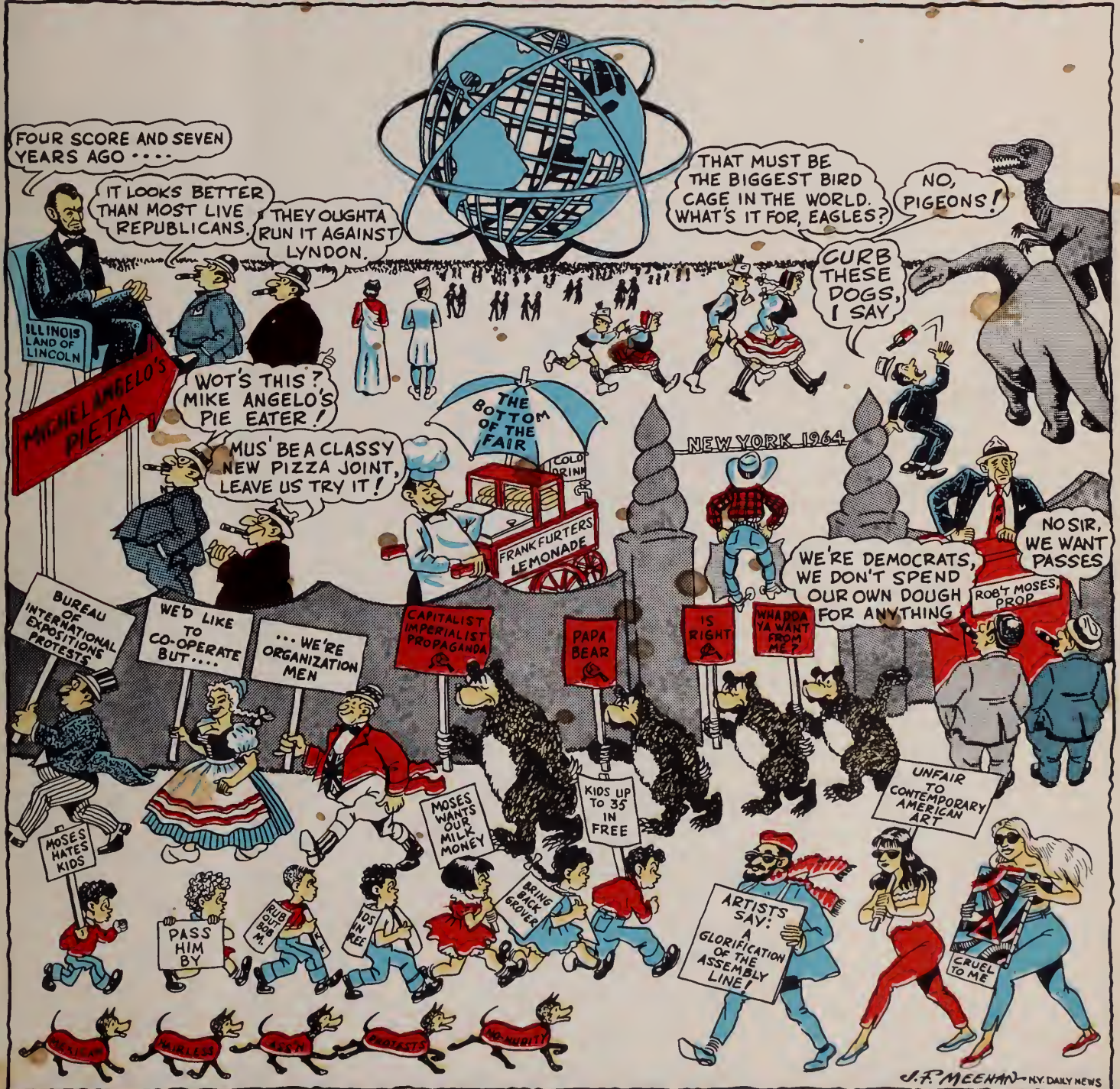


1964 The INNER CIRCLE PRESENTS STOP THE FAIR. I WANT TO GET OUT



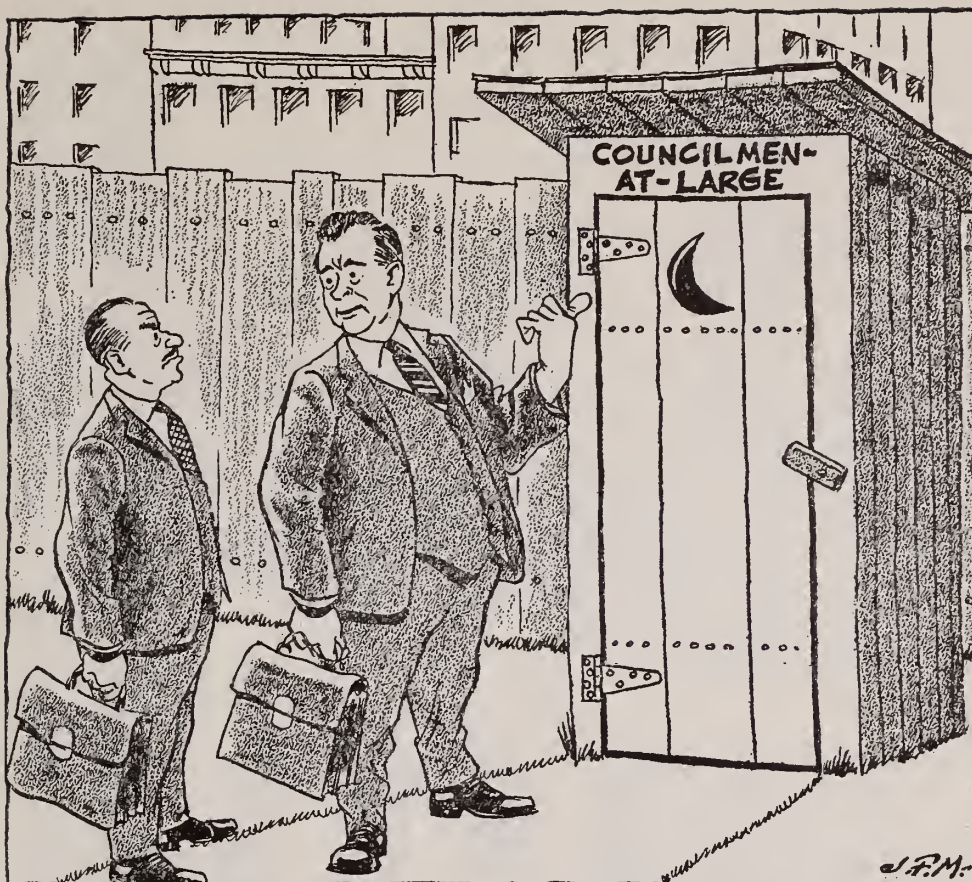
THE NEW YORK HILTON • MAY 2

Inner Circle Membership

Arthur Costa Aidala	Leonard Ingalls	James J. O'Keefe
Joseph Alvarez	Joseph C. Ingraham	James F. O'Leary
Laurence Barrett	Edward N. Jackson	Edward J. O'Neill
Charles M. Bayer	Keith R. Johnson	Albert E. Parks
Lawrence Bendiner	William Juengst	Dominick R. Peluso
Charles G. Bennett	Edward Katcher	Martin Perlmutter
Paul Buiar	Charles E. Keegan	Oliver Pilat
Vincent A. Caso, Sr.	Jerry King	Thomas W. Poster
Nicholas Cavataro	Woody Klein	Maurice G. Postley
James F. Clarity	Clayton Knowles	Robert A. Poteete
Gregory F. Coleman	Richard D. Leahy	Robert Potter
Forrest E. Corson	Dick Lee	Gabriel Pressman
William F. Cox	Bard Lindeman	John J. Reilly
Paul Crowell	Walter Lister	James Ritchie
Thomas DelVecchio	Frank Lynn	Laymond Robinson
Alvin D. Doyle	Walter MacDonald	Thomas P. Ronan
Frank D. Doyle	Frank J. MacMaster	Richard J. Roth
George Douris	Richard L. Madden	Joseph H. Schmalacker
Jerome Edelberg	Richard F. Maher	C. Joseph Schroeder
Willam A. Ettel	Peter McEvoy	Andrew J. Seidler
Joseph Famm	James P. McCaffrey	Marvin Sleeper
Alexander Feinberg	S. S. McSheehy	Murray Snyder
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Stanley I. Fischler	Arthur Massolo	Victor Timoner
Owen Fitzgerald	John F. Melady	Thomas T. Tommaney
Jack D. Fox	Max Mencher	Charles W. Van Devander
Charles A. Gannon	Alfred T. Miele	John S. Wagner
Charles Grutzner	Joseph P. Murphy	Richard C. Wald
Harold H. Harris	Mack Nomburg	Robert Walsh
William Henderson	Daniel P. Noonan	Henry Walter
Richard P. Hunt	Michael A. O'Brien	Robert Williams
Floyd J. Hynes	James C. O'Connor	David Wise

IN MEMORIAM

Christie R. Bohnsack
Walter T. Brown
Joseph Giardini



Those dinky basement offices were bad enough but this is too much.

The Inner Circle, Inc.

Presents

Stop the Fair, I Want to Get Out

AT THE NEW YORK HILTON HOTEL

New York City, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE
DIALOGUE AND LYRICS BY MEMBERS OF THE INNER CIRCLE

Saturday Night, May 2, 1964

Inner Circle Officers

ALFRED T. MIELE, New York News.....*President*
JOSEPH C. INGRAHAM, New York Times.....*Vice-President*
HAROLD H. HARRIS, New York Journal American....*Treasurer*
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Il Progresso

FRANK J. MACMASTER
Long Island Press

ALVIN D. DOYLE
New York Mirror

JOHN F. MELADY
Associated Press

OWEN FITZGERALD
New York World Telegram & Sun

MARTIN J. STEADMAN
New York Herald Tribune

Menu

Shrimp Cocktail Horseradish Sauce

*

Petite Marmite Henri IV

*

Hearts of Celery

Ripe and Green Olives

*

Broiled Filet Mignon Maitre d'Hotel

*

Mushroom Sauce

String Beans Julienne

*

Potato Puffs

*

Seven Hills Salad—Chef's Dressing

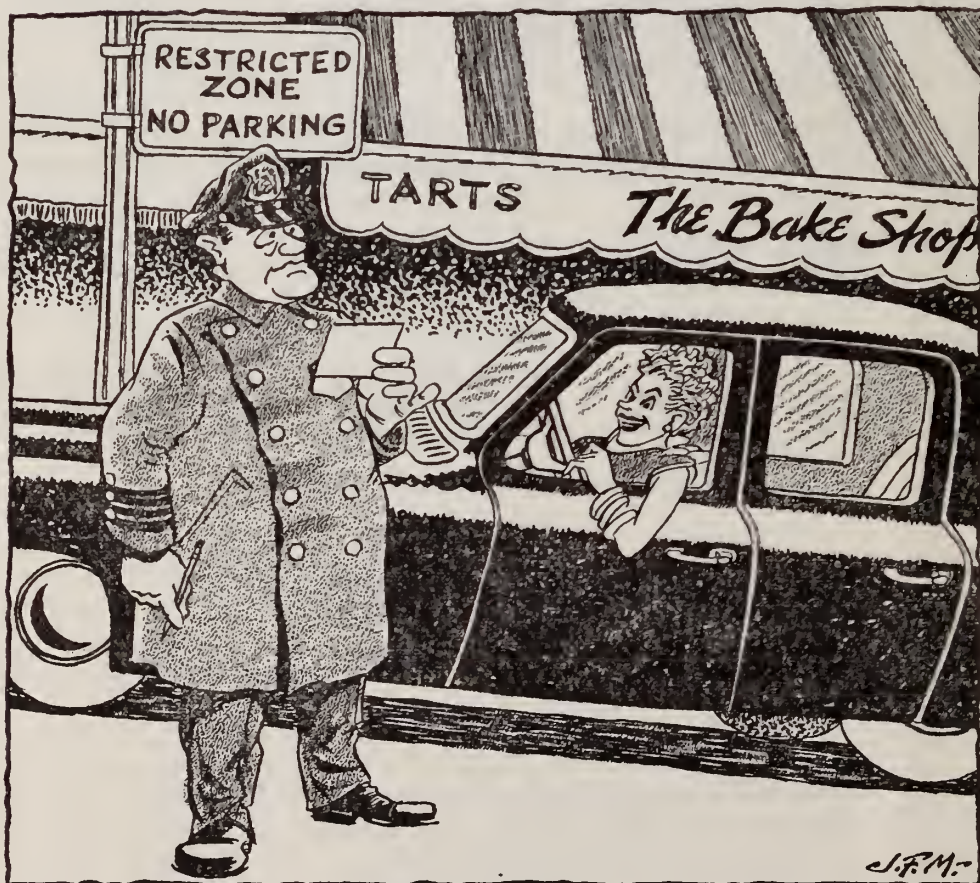
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Glacé Hilton

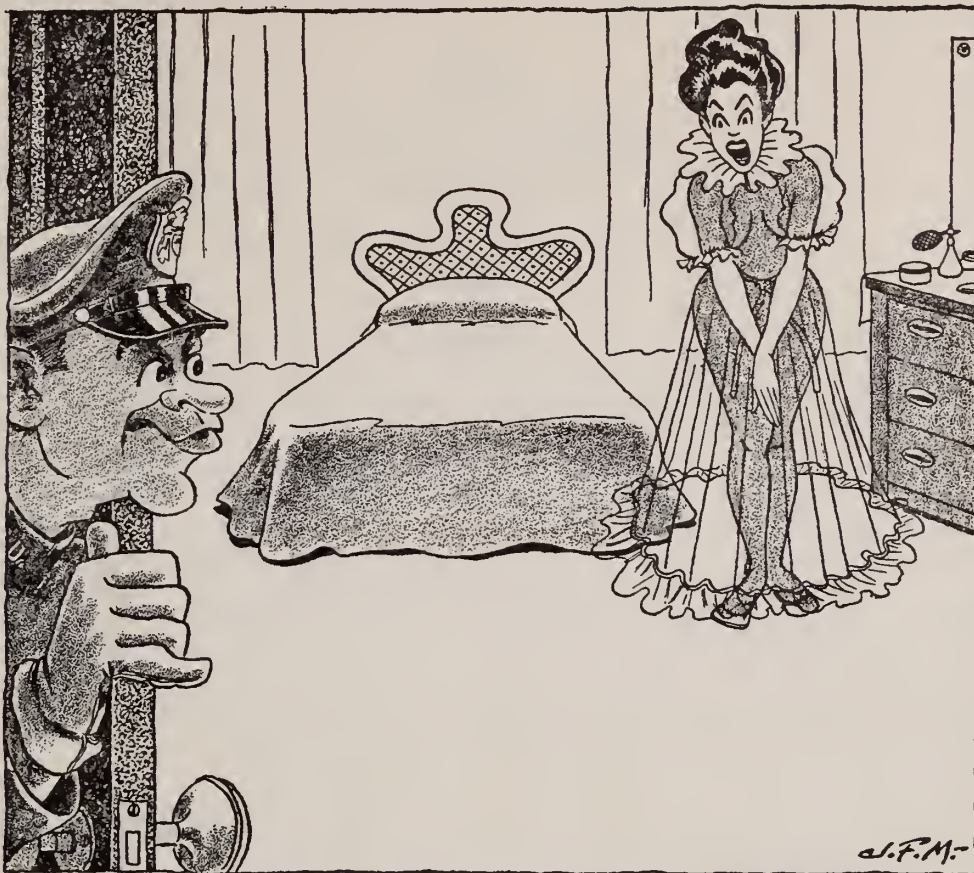
Melba Sauce

Petits Fours

Demi Tasse



"Lame-brained" is now sufficient reason for a special parking permit only if the driver is a politician.



Take it easy, lady, I just thought you might be smoking in bed.

Production Staff

CHARLES E. KEEGAN.....	Director of the Show
JAMES C. O'CONNOR.....	Co-Director
JAMES F. O'LEARY.....	Production Manager
JOSEPH C. INGRAHAM.....	Associate Production Manager
LAWRENCE BENDINER.....	Assistant Production Manager
THOMAS RONAN	Assistant Production Manager
CHARLES G. BENNETT.....	Program
ALEXANDER FEINBERG.....	Publicity
J. F. MEEHAN.....	Program Art
JOHN S. WAGNER.....	Properties
VINCENT A. CASO, SR.....	Costumes
WILLIAM A. ETTTEL.....	Associate, Costumes
WILLIAM F. COX.....	Librarian
FRANK D. DOYLE.....	Prompter
MAURICE G. POSTLEY.....	Associate Prompter

Stage Aids by Telescript-CSP., Inc.

PresidingALFRED T. MIELE, President of the Inner Circle

Speaker of the Evening...ROBERT F. WAGNER, Mayor, City of New York
(There Are No Reporters Present)

In the Grand TierWILLIAM HENDERSON, JOHN F. MELADY

At the DoorJAMES P. McCaffrey

At the PianoFLOYD J. HYNES, Musical Director

PROLOGUE

Greetings

SCENE

Right Here

CAST

WELCOMER Alfred T. Miele

GLAD-HANDERS Charles G. Bennett, Alvin D. Doyle, Harold
H. Harris, Clayton Knowles, Frank Lynn, Edward J. O'Neill, Dominick
R. Peluso, Oliver Pilat, Thomas W. Poster and Marvin Sleeper.



*Yeah, I'm still smoking; what the hell, if the butts don't get me those
ethics nuts probably will.*

ACT ONE

Flushing Follies

SCENE

The Promised Land, 1964

CAST

ONLOOKERS—Joseph Alvarez, Paul Buiar, Alvin D. Doyle, Jack D. Fox, Charles Grutzner, Harold H. Harris, Walter MacDonald, Max Mencher, Joseph P. Murphy, Albert E. Parks, James Ritchie, Martin J. Steadman and Robert Walsh.

MOSESJames C. O'Connor
WAGNEROwen Fitzgerald
CARIELLOForrest E. Corson
LITTLE EGYPTGeorge Douris
FATIMAGabriel Pressman
STRIPPEREdward J. O'Neill
LEGSGregory F. Coleman
BUGGSYNicholas Cavatara
MUGGSYAlexander Feinberg
TOUGHIEVictor Timoner
SCREVANEDominick R. Peluso
BEAMEMartin Perlmutter
DR. JAMESClayton Knowles
MAMARichard D. Leahy
BUMPKINHenry Walter
HAYSEEDAnthony Marino
BOOKWORMS. S. McSheehy
BRIGHTIECharles A. Gannon
GRINDFrank J. MacMaster
PHI BETEWilliam F. Cox
STENGELJames F. Clarity
FRANK THOMASJoseph H. Schmalacker
FLUNKYJerome Edelberg
PROPHETCharles G. Bennett

MUSIC

"EVERYTHING IS SCREWY—PHOOIE!"Onlookers
"WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK"Moses
"WHEN THE FAIR IS ENDED"Cariello
"LET US ENTERTAIN YOU"Little Egypt and Fatima
"LET ME EDUCATE YOU"Stripper
"I'M PAUL SCREVANE"Screvane, Wagner and Beame
"FLUORIDATION"Bumpkin and Hayseed
"WE ARE THE BEATNIKS"Bookworm, Brightie, Grind and Phi Bete
"WE SWAM OUT TO A BALL GAME"Stengel and Thomas
"WE'RE GOING BACK TO BROADWAY"The Ensemble

Everything Is Screwy, Phooie

ONLOOKERS

(Tune—"Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis")

Everything is screwy, Phooie!!

Here at the World's Fair.

It's a fair without a midway

Hookers all are there.

All the pick-pockets and floaters

Hang around at Gen'ral Motors

With the hoods at Ford and Chrysler

They will strip your bankroll bare.

It ain't like a fair used to be

For this exposition ain't free

Though it gives Moses fits

Bring your brats for two bits

Even though there's not much they can see.

What's become of the old-fashioned fair

They had strippers and fan-dancers there—

You really can't leer at that big unisphere

If you do you are only a square.

Everything's coming up Moses

At the new World's Fair

It is sure a bed of roses

If you're a millionaire.

They've got Governor Poletti

Serving up high-priced spaghetti

An expensive course with lots of sauce

A crumby bill-of-fare.

Let Us Entertain You

LITTLE EGYPT AND FATIMA

(Tune—"Let Me Entertain You")

Let us entertain you

Let us—if you dare,

We will show you poses

You won't get from Bob Moses

It just ain't a decent fair.

This fair inhibits

See our exhibits

They're tax-free all of the time

So let us entertain you

It won't cost the city a dime, no sir

It won't cost the city a dime.

Hey boys, I am Anna Kross

I'm Queen of the Jail

I scream with refinement

I'll liven your confinement

If you can't get up the bail.

Bob Wagner's funny

Gives me no money

Old pen-pals—it's a crime

Please let me entertain them

They'll come back every time, Yes Sir

They'll come back every time.

I am Hortense Gabel

I just try and try

You will get some **tax hikes**

When I cause all those **rent strikes**

I'll make the landlords cry

I'll use my power

To make them cower

I'll pitch my curves and sex you'll see

So down with all the tenants

All the slumlords, too, but me—Hor-tee

All the slumlords but me.

With A Little Bit of Luck

MOSES

(Tune—Same from "My Fair Lady")

I'm damn sure I'll make the World's Fair go

I bet my banker gets back all his dough

But I hope the city won't get badly stuck.

With a little bit of luck

With a little bit of luck

Maybe you'll get back a dime or so.

With a little bit

With a little bit

With a little bit of Robert Moses' luck.

Bob. I didn't find it hard to raise the dough

And I'm sure we're gonna **make it go**

If it does not, then the city will be stuck.

But with a little bit of luck

With a little bit of luck

I hope we'll get back at least a buck.

With a little bit

With a little bit

With that good old-fashioned Robert Moses luck.

I'm Paul Screvane

SCREVANE, WAGNER AND BEAME

(Tune—"The Rain in Spain")

PAUL: I'm Paul Screvane, I'm mainly for Screvane
BOB: That's how I want it—that's how I want it
PAUL: I'm out to be the Mayor by might and main
ABE: He hasn't got it—He hasn't got it
BOB: Now Paul, where would you reign?
ABE: In Spain! In Spain!
PAUL: Right here, I'll make that plain
ABE: Explain! Explain!
PAUL: I'm Paul Screvane, I used to drive a crane
BOB: I took him off it
ABE: Screvane as Mayor would go against the grain
PAUL: He cannot stop it
BOB: A clever candidate's coming
ABE: Abraham's also able
PAUL: How fortunate that I'm around!
BOB: Now make it plain—From here to Maine
ABE: All in vain—All in vain
PAUL: New York hears my refrain
ABE: Insane! Insane!
BOB: It's Paul Screvane agayne and then agayne
BOB & PAUL:
We still maintain it's plain we want Screvane!!

Fluoridation

BUMPKIN AND HAYSEED

(Tune—"Fascination")

You get flouridation they said
Never mind at all what the public may say
Push it down each throat
This year they don't vote
When Election Day comes around they'll forget it
When the reservoirs get their fill
All the taste of bourbon and gin it will kill
You'll be left alone then with only a memory
Fluoridation you'll love.

We Swam Out to the Ball Game

STENGEL AND THOMAS

(Tune—"Take Me Out to the Ball Game")

We swam out to a ball game
At our new Flushing Park
Drowned our first baseman
On infield shores
Got no bats we just paddle with oars
Buy your girl friend a snorkel
And your water wings take
For it's one-two-three and you sink
At the Mets' new lake.

When the Fair is Ended

CARIELLO

(Tune—"The Song Is Ended")

When the Fair is ended
Robert Moses was heard to say
Pavilions will pass away
But me and my staff will stay
When the Fair is ended
Bob will write a new set of rules
The city must all be fools
If they think we'll get cash for schools.
Bob was commissioner once
Thinks Newbold Morris is just a big dunce
When the Fair is ended
Like the old Port Authoritee
Bob's corporation you'll see
Runs from here to eternitee.

When the Fair is ended
Still the gravy train rolls along
Moses just can't be wrong
Perpetuity is his theme song
His corporation
Has a lot of fat cats to feed
That's why more time they'll need
What the hell is the need for speed?
We think that it's a safe bet
In ten years it will not be finished yet
In the next century
They'll plan a new World's Fair
We won't be around to care
But Bob Moses will still be there!!

We're Going Back to Broadway

THE ENSEMBLE

(Tune—"Give My Regards to Broadway")

We're going' back to Broadway
To Hell with Moses' two-buck Fair
We'll dodge the queers at 42nd Street
We think it's safer there
We never liked the scalpers
Or the ice we had to pay
But we could see three high class shows
For what it costs here in one day.

Bob Moses he ain't George Abbott
Even though he makes us pay
This fair will not become a habit
Give us back our Great White Way
Merrick and Richard Rodgers
They have had to take their lumps
But we know that our Lincoln Center
Won't sink like Corona's dumps.

ACT TWO

A Tale Of Three Cities

SCENE

Never-Never Land

CAST

At San Francisco

IKEAnthony Marino
GOLDWATEREdward J. O'Neill
ROCKEFELLERMarvin Sleeper
NIXONJames Ritchie
SCRANTONMartin J. Steadman
LADY-KILLERGabriel Pressman
YES-MANMartin Perlmutter
MAGGIE SMITHCharles G. Bennett
NOMINATORAlexander Feinberg
SELECTORWilliam F. Cox
SCENE-STEALERArthur Massolo
HUMPTYThomas T. Tommaney
DUMPTYFrank J. MacMaster
LODGEClayton Knowles

At Atlantic City

CHANTICLEERDominick R. Peluso
GROPERJames F. Clarity
SEEKERJoseph H. Schmalacker
FINDERAlbert E. Parks
SHRIVERPaul Buier
OFFERERHenry Walter
PAT BROWNPeter McEvoy
IRRITATORCharles Grutzner
CORRECTORRobert Potter
GENE McCARTHYJoseph P. Murphy
HUMPHREYHarold H. Harris
OBSERVERGeorge Douris
BOBBY KENNEDYThomas W. Poster
CAUTIONERGregory F. Coleman
VERSIFIERJack D. Fox
NAMERRichard D. Leahy
WAGNEROwen Fitzgerald
CALLEROliver Pilat

At Washington, D. C.

JOHNSON Alvin D. Doyle
SNOOPER Victor Timoner
SHERLOCK Arthur C. Aidala
PROTECTOR S. S. McSheehy
SHIELDER William Juengst
NEWSBOY Max Mencher

MUSIC

"WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?" Old Guarders and New Frontiersmen
"CALIFORNIA, HERE WE COME" Old Guarders
"IN CONVENTION AT ATLANTIC CITY" New Frontiersmen
"BACK TO McKINLEY" Goldwater
"JUST PLAIN BILL" Scranton
"THEY CALL ME MAGGIE" Maggie Smith
"I'M JUST A GUY WHO CAN'T SAY 'NO' " Nixon
"JUST HAPPY AND ME" Rockefeller
"I CAME TO VIETNAM" Lodge
"I WROTE MY BOYS A LETTER" Ike
"THE L. B. J. WALTZ" Chanticleer
"THE GALL OF ME" Humphrey
"AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME" Bobby Kennedy
"I'M LOOKING FOR SOME PLACE TO GO" Wagner
"VOTERS ARE A GUY'S BEST FRIEND" Johnson
"THE LOAD OF TAXES IS UPON YOU" The Ensemble



I don't care what they say, this is a hell of a lot worse than touch football.

**OLD GUARDERS AND
NEW FRONTIERSMEN**

Where Do We Go From Here?

(Tune—Same)

California Here We've Come

(Tune—"California Here I Come")

At Convention In Atlantic City

(Tune—"On the Boardwalk at Atlantic City")

OLD GUARDERS AND NEW FRONTIERSMEN:

Where do we go from here, boys
Where do we go from here?

OLD GUARDERS:

We're meeting at Cow Palace
And not at Fisherman's Pier

NEW FRONTIERSMEN

Your whole Convention is in vain
Our candidate we'll cheer

BOTH:

Where do we go from here, boys
Where do we go from here?

OLD GUARDERS:

California, here we've come
What we do here won't be fun
We're in it—to win it
That is our vow
We're rattled, embattled
But we've all stopped fightin' now.
After all that primary row
We are rather certain now
That Election Day you'll see
We will ride to victory.

NEW FRONTIERSMEN

At convention in Atlantic City
We will meet to select
On the G.O.P. we will all have pity
They cannot hope to elect
While they're meeting in the old Cow Palace
Far away out on the coast
All the voters we'll get
And on this you can bet
Johnson will prove
To be the most.

BOTH:

Where do we go from here, boys,
Where do we go from here?
Will we feast on champagne
Maybe we'll just drink beer.
No matter what we're drinkin'
There's one thing you can tell
When election's over
The public can go to Hell.

Just Happy and Me

ROCKEFELLER

(Tune—"My Blue Heaven")

Just Happy and me, and the baby-to-be
How comfy we'll be in the White House
A swing to the right, John Birch's delight,
You know that I'll light—in the White House.
You'll see my smilin' face in every place where
voters go
And you can bet their votes I'll get with all my dough
That old Rocky grin is certain to win
Next year we'll be in the White House.

To the left if I must, I'll simply adjust
I'll straddle the fence—to the White House
In spite of the cost and the primaries I've lost
I'll still be endorsed for the White House
And for V. P. I will agree that you pick the name
And I will run with any one — I'll take a dame
Soon Happy may score, and might make it four
That's sure to get me in the dog house.

The L. B. J. Waltz

CHANTICLEER

(Tune—"The Tennessee Waltz")

Down in Washington's ballrooms
Johnson's waltzing with the ladies
He gives them the time of their lives.
Lyndon's seeking harmony in his
Government circles
By dancing with cabinet wives.
So, whatever your faults,
Dance the L. B. J. Waltz
And keep up with a prexy who's hep.
But Lyndon Johnson must remember
When it comes next November
He will have to be watching his step.

Voters Are A Guy's Best Friend

JOHNSON

(Tune—"Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend")

Since I'm in the White House
Of one thing I'm certain
Voters are a guy's best friend
With Rightists and Leftists
I'll go right on flirtin'
To either of them I will bend.
They'll see in me a real sure victory
I'll just cut the budget and spend—
There's no one to top me
And scandals won't stop me—
For voters are a guys' best friend.

Just Plain Bill

SCRANTON

(Tune—"He's Just My Bill")

I'm just plain Bill
And I'm the guy to fill
That vacancy that has you in a quandary.
I'm sure you know
I have the dough
I run a few coal mines
And operate a foundry
I'm Governor
For just a single term
It's been a thrill
If I'm not your candidate this year
I will be just plain Bill.

They Call Me Maggie

MAGGIE SMITH

(Tune—"I Enjoy Being a Girl")

Up in Maine they just call me Maggie
When I stop in the general store
And my people they all tag me
As a gal who knows the score.
All their backing, I'm bettin' on it
And my banner I'm here to unfurl
That's the reason I've tossed in my bonnet
'Cause it's time we had a girl.

In the Capitol I don't fiddle
But I vote when the roll calls start
And I'll always be found in the middle
That's why they think that I'm smart.
Though in true sex appeal I'm lacking
And your head I won't put in a whirl
I've just come here to ask your backing
For it's time you picked a girl.

I'm Just A Guy Who Can't Say "No"

NIXON

(Tune—"I'm Just a Girl Who Can't Say No")

I'm just a guy who can't say no
You must know some of my tricks
I'm always called a so-and-so
The country's already said "nix."
I came here from Cal-i-for-ni-a
To show my real true talent at the law,
But the fellas in the G. O. P.
Keep proddin' me to tell them all the score
So I'll just sit with a phone near by
I'll be as quiet as in church
I'll have to make them all try
Must not leave me in the lurch
I'm set to go.
When a fella awfully wants a post
They hadn't oughta really leave him out
If that fella really yearns the most
He really oughta stand right up and shout.
I'm just a guy who can't say no
Even though I did not score
Waitin' right here at the door
Right where I was once before
I can't—let—go.

The Load of Taxes Is Upon You

THE ENSEMBLE

(Tune—"Eyes of Texas")

The load of taxes is upon you
Every night and day
No matter how you howl we'll scorn you
There's nothing you can say
You heard Lyndon Johnson's warning
He was on Tee Vee
Said we couldn't go on scorning
The nation's poverty

Lyndon Johnson got a present
But not the kind you buy
From a guy named Bobby Baker
A stereo hi-fi
When the Senate learned about it
Johnson sure was miffed
Said it really wasn't nothing
But a simple friendly gift

Don't go working on your income
You may get a shock
When you hear the way they've cut it
You'll still be deep in hock
You'll be coughing up your wages
Everything you save
You'll be paying up for ages
No matter how you rave.

INTERMISSION

ACT THREE

This Was the Year That Might Have Been
or
Twelve Weary Months

SCENE

Never-Never Land

CAST

INTRODUCER	Alfred T. Miele
COMMENTATOR	Gabriel Pressman
OPINIONIST	Joseph P. Murphy
BIRNS	Harold H. Harris
ACCUSER	Arthur Massolo
DISSENTER	Frank Lynn
HAWKER	Oliver Pilat
GODIVA	George Douris
PURCHASER	Joseph H. Schmalacker
BUYER	Alexander Feinberg
SEEKER	Victor Timoner
QUESTIONNER	Gregory F. Coleman
SMOKE-EATER	Henry Walter
LADDERMAN	Richard D. Leahy
HOSE-WINDER	Paul Buier
WINDOW-BREAKER	Thomas T. Tommaney
ROOF-RAISER	Martin J. Steadman
CHAIR-BUSTER	Jack D. Fox
DOOR-SMASHER	Martin Perlmutter
READING-CLERK	Alvin D. Doyle
KREUTZER	Clayton Knowles
ROCKEFELLER	Marvin Sleeper
BUCKLEY	James F. Clarity
WINE-SELLER	Charles Grutzner
UNKEMPT	Charles G. Bennett
ODORIFEROUS	Thomas W. Poster
UNCOUTH	James D. Ritchie
B. O.	Frank J. MacMaster
SPRAWLER	Nicholas Cavaturo
INTRUDER	Peter McEvoy
FRANCOIS	William Juengst
CHONONDELEY	George Douris
CONNOISSEUSE	William F. Cox
BARNES	Max Mencher
JIM DOOLEY	Forrest E. Corson
TRIVISONNO	Dominick R. Peluso
TOADY	Anthony Marino
FOLLOWER	Arthur C. Aidala
FALL-GUY	Edward J. O'Neill
BACKSTOPPER	Bard Lindeman

and The Entire Inner Circle

MUSIC

"WE'LL TRY TO TELL YOU"	Backstoppers
"EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE"	Birns
"WE'VE BEEN THINKING"	Accuser and Dissenter
"WE'RE EXPERTS UP ON LADDERS"	Smoke-Eater, Ladderman and Hose-Winder
"AINT WE GOT FUN"	Window-Breaker, Roof-Raiser, Chair-Buster and Door-Smasher
"THERE'S A NEW GANG IN TOWN"	Observer
"THE FIGHT AGAINST SIN"	Kreutzer
"YOU HAD A SCHEME, ROCK"	Rockefeller and Buckley
"I OWNED A TAVERN IN THIS TOWN"	Wine-Seller
"WE WERE SITTIN' IN THE HALLWAY"	Unkempt, Uncouth, Sprawler, B. O. and Intruder
"THE WORLD IS MADE FOR FUN"	Trivisonno, Toady and Follower
"NOBODY"	Fall-Guy
"WE WON'T GIVE YOU ANY MORE TONIGHT"	The Ensemble

We'll Try To Tell You

BACKSTOPPERS

(Tune—"Hello, My Baby")

We'll try to tell you
Just what befell you
During the year gone by
That was the year that was
We'll give you all a buzz
Rap at the vandals
Cover the scandals
You may recall a few
So, fellows,
Here are the songs we'll sing for you.

Housing's a topic
The vision's myopic
No one knows what to do
And you take poverty
You'll have to wait and see
How every grafter
Hurries right after
A job that makes him fat
When it's all over
The poor will still be flat.

There's A New Gang In Town

OBSERVER

(Tune—"Old County Down")

There's a new gang in town
And they've all settled down
They will get thirteen grand every year
They will write all our laws
But that's only because
Councilmen never get things quite clear.

They're all free to confess
To the mayor they say yes
Any time that he asks for a bill

It seems they're all afraid
That he may stop the raid
Use a lock and just close up the till.

Once they had twenty-five
Few of them were alive
And Joe Sharkey was having a ball
But the new charter's dodge
Gave them ten more-at-large
But the council did nothing at all.

Soon they pushed right ahead
Now you can't smoke in bed
And in hot dogs you can not have fat
So it's sad, but it's said
It has gone to their head
And the fat is now under their hat.

The Fight Against Sin

KREUTZER

(Tune—"Tit Willow")

La Porte, he was fighting the fight against sin
With ethics, with ethics, with ethics
The problem, as always, was where to begin
What's ethics? what's ethics? what's ethics?
It is easy to tell that a hand in the till
Is as wrong as can be, but the question is still
In regard to your partner, what beans do you spill?
What's ethics? what's ethics? what's ethics?

In Albany, some courses never are taught
Not ethics, not ethics, not ethics.
Yet some hold the view it's not right to be bought
T'aint ethics. T'aint ethics. T'aint ethics.
Now La Porte had a few little changes to make
But Mahoney, whose glasses are slightly opaque
Passed a bill which a lot of folks thought was a
fake
Not ethics. Not ethics. Not ethics.

Nobody

FALL-GUY

(Tune—Same)

New York's a place where I reside
With 8 million people by my side
Who gives a damn about my hide?
Nobody.

The quiet shadows, stars so bright
Would be a lovely, lovely sight
But who walks in Central Park at night?
Nobody.

I ain't never done nothin' to nobody
I ain't never got nothin' from nobody—no time
And until I get somethin' from somebody —
some time
I ain't a-gonna vote for no-one nobody
no time.

A subway ride is quite a thrill
Our riders all have time to kill
Who stops the crime that's with us still?
Nobody.

The city's cash is kept in care
Belongs to all, they say that's fair
But who says let's give me my share
Nobody.

I ain't never done nothin' to nobody
I ain't never got nothin' from nobody—no time
And until I get somethin' from somebody —
some time
I ain't a-gonna vote for no-one nobody
No time.

East Side, West Side

BIRNS

(Tune—Same)

East Side, West Side
All around the town
I must watch all my inspectors
So they won't shake builders down
From cellar to the rafters
I keep a watchful eye
But can't weed out all the grafters
Because Wagner won't let me try.

The World Is Made For Fun

TRIVISONNO, TOADY, AND FOLLOWER

(Tune—"Funiculi, Funicula")

Some say
The world is made for fun and frolic
And so do I—and so do I
Palm Beach
It offers golf and fun bucolic
To it we fly—to it we fly
And when
The housing job gets much too boring
The hell we say
And fly away
Tee off
Where in low eighties we are scoring
In Miami—in Miami.

Trivisonno
Took a little trip
Trivisonno
Didn't pack a grip
He heard a guy say "come on down"
It made our Milton Mollen frown—
Trivisonno's out of work.
And strictly on the town!!

I Owned A Tavern In This Town

WINE-SELLER

(Tune—"There Is a Tavern in the Town")

I owned a tavern in this town
And soon they came to shake me down
They drank my booze
And when they'd had their fill
I rang up "No Sale" on the till
I was mad because they took me
All of their inspectors shook me
And the big shots always put it on the cuff
My cocktails all went up in price
I had to raise my wine list twice
And now I know
I'm gonna have less dough
To pay the S. L. A. its ice.

We Were Sittin' In The Hallway
**UNKEMPT, ODORIFEROUS, UNCOUTH,
B. O., SPRAWLER AND INTRUDER**

(Tune—"Workin' on the Railroad")

We were sittin' in the hallway
Down at City Hall
Waiting there to see the mayor
But he didn't show up at all
Cops all treated us politely
Brought us coffee, too
So we switched our sitters nightly
Till our welfare checks came through.

Rockefeller bought us coffee
Served us doughnuts too
Let us use the telephone lines
There was nothing marked taboo
We kept pouring in our sitters
All our friends were jealous.
But Rocky finally broke our spirit
When he came and said: "Hi, fellas."

*We Won't Give You Any More
Tonight*

THE ENSEMBLE

(Tune—"I Can't Give You Anything
But Love, Baby")

We won't give you any more tonight, fellas
Hope that what we've done will set you right, fellas
We begun just in fun
To let you in
As you see
That's why we
Put this little show together
Hope that no one's hurt by what we've said, fellas
Now we're gonna put this show to bed, fellas
And if you don't like what we have said, fellas
We'll hit harder in our show next year.



A fella sure can get tired of handball and power tools.

Past Presidents of the Inner Circle

(Prior to the Organization of the Inner Circle, Newspapermen's Political Lampoon
Dinners were produced by the Association of City Hall
Reporters and, earlier, by the Amen Corner.)

1923.....	Edward Staats Luther
1924.....	George D. Morris
1925.....	Charles S. Hand
1926.....	James L. Durkin
1927.....	James A. Hagerty
1928.....	Philip D. Hoyt
1929.....	Joseph L. Cohn
1930.....	George Van Slyke
1931.....	Clarence Worden
1932.....	Max Mencher
1933.....	James A. Hagerty
1934.....	John C. O'Brien
1935.....	Charles M. Bayer
1936.....	William R. Conklin
1937.....	George D. Ritchie
1938.....	John F. Geis
1939.....	Edwin S. McIntosh
1940.....	John L. Underhill
1941.....	Charles W. Van Devander
1942.....	Murray Davis
1943	}Organization Inactive (World War II)
1944	
1945	}Organization Inactive (World War II)
1946	
1947.....	Richard F. Maher
1948.....	John S. Wagner
1949.....	Murray Snyder
1950.....	Fred R. Curran
1951.....	James P. McCaffrey
1952.....	Thomas Pennell
1953.....	Frank J. MacMaster
1954.....	John A. Crosson
1955.....	Charles G. Bennett
1956.....	Alvin D. Doyle
1957.....	Vincent A. Caso, Sr.
1958.....	Dominick R. Peluso
1959.....	Edward Katcher
1960.....	James C. O'Connor
1961.....	Thomas Finnegan
1962.....	Edward J. O'Neill
1963.....	Marvin Sleeper
1964.....	Henry Walter

Inner Circle Committees, 1964

ENTERTAINMENT

Charles G. Bennett, Chairman

Paul Buia	Edward J. O'Neill
Jerome Edelberg	Dominick R. Peluso
Harold H. Harris	Oliver Pilat
Floyd J. Hynes	Thomas W. Poster
Joseph C. Ingraham	Maurice G. Postley
Charles E. Keegan	Marvin Sleeper
James F. O'Leary	Robert Williams

DINNER

Vincent A. Caso, Sr., Chairman

Charles M. Bayer	Alvin D. Doyle
Gregory F. Coleman	Frank D. Doyle
William F. Cox	Charles A. Gannon
George Douris	Charles Grutzner

John F. Melady

CAST PARTY

Gregory F. Coleman	} Co-Chairmen
Thomas T. Tommaney	

Joseph Alvarez	Joseph P. Murphy
William A. Ettel	Daniel P. Noonan
William Juengst	James J. O'Keefe
Edward Katcher	Laymond Robinson
Anthony Marino	John S. Wagner

RECEPTION

Vincent A. Caso, Sr., Chairman

Paul Crowell	Walter MacDonald
Joseph Famm	Anthony Marino
William Henderson	James P. McCaffrey
Dick Lee	Thomas W. Poster

Joseph H. Schmalacker

MEMBERSHIP

Dominick R. Peluso, Chairman

Edward Katcher	Frank J. MacMaster
Frank Lynn	Martin J. Steadman

NOMINATIONS

Frank J. MacMaster, Chairman

William A. Ettel	Thomas W. Poster
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INVITATIONS

Alexander Feinberg, Chairman

Charles G. Bennett	Robert Potter
Owen Fitzgerald	Gabriel Pressman
Joseph C. Ingraham	Victor Timoner
Edward J. O'Neill	Robert Walsh

HISTORICAL

Jerome Edelberg, Chairman

William A. Ettel	Michael A. O'Brien
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The President is a member, ex-officio, of all committees.

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